

A briefe sonet declaring the lamentation of Beckles, a Market Towne in  
 Suffolke which was in the great winde vpon S. Andrewes eue pitifully burned with fire to the  
 value by estimation of twentie thousande pounds. And to the number of fourescore dwelling houses,  
 besides a great number of other houses. 1586. To the tune of Labandalashotte.



**M**ourning good neighbours, that comes to beholde,  
 Wee lillie pooze Beckles, in cares manyfolde,  
 In sorrow all drowned, which floated of late,  
 With teares all bedewed, at my wofull state,  
 With fire is consumed, most wofull to vewe,  
 With spoile thy pooze people, for euer may rue,  
 Taken will you haue betwixt my towe decay,  
 And pittie haue pierced, poore heartes as I may,  
 Say thus my good neighbours, that God in his ire,  
 For sinne hath consumed poore Beckles with fire.

For one onely parish, my selfe I might haue,  
 To match with the brauest, for who but will graunt?  
 The Sea and the Countrey, me sitting so nye,  
 The fresh water Riuer, so sweete running by,  
 My meadowes and commons, such prospect of health,  
 My fapens in somer, so garnisht with wealth,  
 My Market so serued, with corne, flesh, and fith,  
 And all kinde of victuals, that pooze men would with,  
 That who but knewe Beckles, with sighing may saye,  
 Would God of his mercie, had sparde my decaye.

But O my destruction, O most dismall day,  
 My temple is spoled, and brought in decay,  
 My marketted burned, my beautie defaced,  
 My wealth ouerwhelmed, my people displaced,  
 My musike is wayling, my mirth it is none,  
 My ioyes are departed, my comfort is gone,  
 My people pooze creatures, are mourning in woe,

*I rude felow by  
 ferring his  
 chimney,  
 procured  
 their cas-  
 lamitie.*  
 Still wandring not wotting, which waye for to goe,  
 Like lillie pooze Troians, whom Sinon betrayde,  
 But God of thy mercy, releue them with ayde,

O daye most vnluckie, the winde lowde in skie,  
 The water harde frosen, the houses so drye,  
 To see such a burning, such flaming of fire,  
 Such wayling, such crying, through scourge of Gods ire,  
 Such running, such working, such taking of payne,  
 Such whirling, such haling, such reauing in vaine,

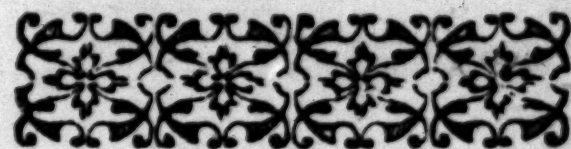
Such robbing, such stealing, from more to the lesse,  
 Such dishonest dealing, in time of distresse,  
 That who so hard hearted, and woyn out of grace,  
 But pittie may pierce him to thinke of my case.

But O my good neighbours, that see mine estate,  
 Be all one as Christians, not liue in debate,  
 With wrapping and trapping, each other in thral,  
 With watching, and peping at each others fall,  
 With houting, and shouting, and striding in Lawe,  
 Of God nor his Gospell, once standing in awe,  
 Lyue not in heart-burning, at God neuer wiest,  
 To Christ once be turning, nor vse him in iest,  
 Liue louely together and not in viscorde,  
 Let me be your mirroure, to liue in the Lorde.

But though God haue pleased, for sinne to plague me,  
 Let none thinke there liuing is cause they scape free,  
 But let them remember, how Christ once did tell,  
 Their sinnes were not greater, on whom the wall fell,  
 But least you repent ye, thus much he doth say,  
 Be sure and certaine ye also decaye,  
 Let none then perswade them, so free from all thral,  
 But that their ill liuing, deserueth a fall,  
 Thus farewell: forget not my wofull annoye,  
 God send you new yeare aye.

Finis q D. STERRI

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum*



Ech stately Towre with mightie walles vp prope  
 Ech loftie Roofe which golden wealth hath raise  
 All flickering wealth which flies in firmest hope  
 All glittering hew so haught and highly praisde  
 I see by sodaine ruine of Beckles towne  
 Is but a blast if mightie loue doe frowne,

AT LONDON,  
 Imprinted by Robert Robinson for Nicholas  
 Colman of Norwich, dwelling in S. Andrewes  
 Church yards.